



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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## SELECT TALES.

## The Widowed Bride.

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

BRIGHT was the saloon of the ducal palace. It had been a fete-day. At the head of the apartment sat its princely master; around it were distributed in groups the shining company; the buzz of satisfaction filled it. A Frenchman and one of the courtiers held each other in converse. Surprise was painted upon the countenance of the former.

'The fairest woman in Padua,' he exclaimed, 'without a lover!—I mean an accepted one, for all Italy rings with the praises of the lovely Victoria—'tis very strange! Has she not a heart?'

'If she has signor, it is yet to be found; nor is the search an easy one—at least if we take into account the many accomplished cavaliers who have failed in it.'

'She seems a very scornful lady.'

'She is so.'

'And yet,' resumed the other, 'her form and countenance are the very mold of sweetness! Observe her figure! there is nothing singular about it.'

In every aspect 'tis the wavy line  
Whereon doth beauty float; whose proper freight  
Is ingots but of golden thoughts and wishes!

Who would look there for iron pride? Her forehead is high, but exquisitely arched. I feel a frown upon her brow; and yet when I examine that brow, I think that something fairer ought to occupy so graceful a seat. Her eye is dark; but it is an orb whose light you would expect to fall in beams of warmth and softness. The nose is Grecian, and lustrously feminine. The mouth—there's penciling for you!—Could Guido have refined upon that mouth? Against all this, I only see a cheek without a tint of the rose in it; but is it an iron soil alone, in which that flower refuses to blow? If she is scornful by nature, I would say it is by the second nature and not the first one.'

'You read her to admiration, signor,' replied the courtier. 'Till the age of sixteen she was the soul of frankness and simple

bearing; then, however, a mood came on, the fruit of which you see. Upon that face, which used to be nothing but sun, the cloud which then settled has remained, for the last three years, without moving—Observe signor, observe the cavalier who approaches her with a basket of fruit. He is the son of the Duke of Milan, and a candidate for the honor of her hand. Mark, I pray you, how she will receive him:—there are wages for a prince to play the lackey for!'

'Wages, indeed! Methinks the haughty bow with which she declines his attentions should be sufficient to extinguish his love.'

'Nay signor,' resumed the courtier 'frost, you know, makes the fire burn brighter.'

'And yet, if, after all,' exclaimed the other, as if a thought had suddenly struck him—'if, after all, that very suitor should be the object of her choice! I have met with as strange a thing. He hath a truly princely presence!'

'And a princely heart and mind, signor! with endowments of a corresponding quality. He is every way her match, saving that the lady is not more haughty than the gentleman is affable. The youth who approaches her now, is the bearer, I suspect, of a message to her from the duke, with whom I remarked him a moment ago conversing. Observe how she will receive him—as I expected, she neither lifts her eyes nor gives any other notice of recognition. Ha! she rises and approaches her harp; the duke has doubtless desired her to sing to it. Now shall you hear music, signor! If she freezes you with her looks, she will melt you with her voice.'

'Heavens! what an arm she throws across the strings!'

'Aha! signor, is there mold and whiteness there? What kind of sounds would you expect from the instrument which is swept by the fingers of the hand that waits upon that arm?'

'What kind of sounds?—why heavenly ones!' replied the Frenchman—and was mute, as a prelude arose from the harp, such as one would imagine a seraph in adoration to awaken. The strain which that prelude intro-

duced was accompanied by the fair, cold, haughty lady in the following verses:

'She lived a nun!—no convent wall  
Entombed her; she was woman all  
That man in woman seeks! not one  
More fond; and yet she lives a nun!

'She lived a nun for love! Her soul  
Had met a kindred one—her whole  
Of wishes—hopes—the maid had given  
To him who owned that soul—and Heaven.

'She could not wed—was doom'd to prove  
The poet right. 'The course of love  
That's true, ran never even yet.'  
Such lot the maid's true love had met!

'She knew but love she knew not sin;  
The flame her bosom warmed within  
A seraph's breast might burn, or claim  
For child of Earth a seraph's name.

'And was the maid beloved again?  
She was! alas! beloved in vain,  
Unblessed he died; unwed, though won,  
The maid for love who lived a nun!

'Lorenzo,' cried the duke when the strain was over, 'methinks I like your verses the better the oftener I hear them. I requested you yesterday evening, when the countess tried them first, to transcribe for me the legend which suggested them. Have you done so?'

'I have, so please you, my liege,' replied the young man, taking a paper out of his bosom, and presenting it.

'Read it for us,' said the duke.

The command of the duke produced an universal silence. The poet obeyed, and proceeded as follows:

## LEGEND.

'Amelia Krutzer, a young German lady of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, had attained the age of two-and-twenty, and was still the mistress of her heart. Many were the deserving and attractive youths of Frankfort who were competitors for the custody of that treasure; but though she suffered them as acquaintance or friends, the moment a title accompanied with higher privileges was solicited, they were each successively and alike rejected. It has been often said, that where there is nothing insupportably repelling in the mind or person of a man, the heart of woman, howsoever cold it may be, will at last surrender to persevering solicitation; and yet there are not wanting

those who believe that there exists that single object with whose nature one's own has a peculiar affinity, and without meeting with whom, one can never truly love. Such appeared to be the case with Amelia Krutzer; rank—wealth—grace—talent—all that the world acknowledges to be interesting, bowed before her; but in vain. She approved—she liked—she felt interested; but still she found a vacancy in her heart, the consciousness of which made her shrink at the idea of the nuptial tie the moment it was proposed to her.

‘Traveling in Switzerland, it happened that the party she accompanied was joined by another one, strangers, consisting of a brother and his two sisters. The attachment of the latter for the former appeared to be extraordinary. Amelia Krutzer was struck with it—it interested her—she took a peculiar pleasure in their society—she became their constant companion. She never knew the charms of scenery before. Theodore—so the brother was called—was a native of Switzerland, to which he had recently returned, after having been absent from it ever since he had been a lad of fifteen. Glowing with the fervor of early associations, he breathed a soul into every crag—each torrent became a thing instinct with intelligence—each lake and forest, beings with whom he held communion, as soul with kindred soul. Amelia Krutzer contemplated and wondered as one, that for the first time meets with something rare beyond belief—she was never from his side. When the squall came on, as they were sailing on the lake, she clung to him, while the sisters, accustomed to such things, sat smiling at her terrors. They ascended the mountain. The sisters from education, were familiar with the step that scales the cliff; Amelia Krutzer's soul was on its top, but her feet slowly and wearily approached it, though she was leaning on the arm of Theodore. At length they gained the summit, and she shrank at the sight of the brink, upon which her fair companions stood, collected and composed. In vain the brother encouraged her, and with his arm around her waist, gave her promise and assurance of security—a step or two was all he could prevail on her to advance towards it—she felt as if she were already falling down the precipice, and hiding her averted face upon his shoulder, she clasped him with a convulsive embrace. Slowly he withdrew her from her fearful footing, and still supporting her, conducted her to the valley again. This happened fifty times.

‘One morning, when she awoke, she heard the *Rans de Vaches* sung with a thrilling voice under her window. She arose and looked out—’twas Theodore. Without aim, nay, scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, and went down to him. “Where was

he going?” she inquired. He replied, “to the lover's leap.” She wished to see it too, and accompanied him. Her head had become steadier now. She stood with him—his arm, indeed, around her—she stood with him upon the cliff of moving story, while he related to her the legend whence it derived its name. She was lost in the piteous tale. ‘Twas concluded, and still she pondered it in abstracted silence. Theodore was silent too. Her tears had been flowing copiously, and they were starting still, notwithstanding her efforts to suppress them—nor was the narrator unmoved; she could feel his heart throbbing as he held her. Suddenly she felt herself clasped to his breast with a force that almost impeded her respiration—she turned—his cheek was without a drop of blood in it—the perspiration stood in heavy drops upon his forehead, while his eyes, which were fixed strainingly upon her, appeared as if they would start from their sockets. ‘For mercy's sake!’ she ejaculated—she had not breath for more. He started a convulsive movement passed across his countenance. “Away! away!” he vociferated; “let us rush from this horrible place while we have the power!”

‘He hurried her wildly along with him, till they came to a dell near the foot of the mountain. “Here let us stop,” he cried; “recover your breath. Wretch that I am! I see that I have almost killed you!—Yet what of that?—but for the piteous look you gave me, I should have murdered both you and myself, for I was in the very act of leaping with you into the lake. Know all,” he continued; “you have taught me to find out a principle in my nature to the existence of which I was a stranger—which I thought never could exist—which I have sworn never *should*. Except my sisters, I have never spent as many minutes in the society of any one of your sex, as I have passed days in yours. Until I met with you I knew not what it was to come in contact with a kindred soul in woman. I know it now—I feel as if I had lived in your existence more than in my own—I love you—I despair—I am vowed to the altar.”

‘Theodore was a young priest.

‘He stopped. A statue stood before him. Her cheek seemed as bloodless as the marble—her lips were as motionless and mute—it appeared as if the breath had ceased to issue from them. But life was in her eyes—there he felt as if she had collected all her soul, for they were fixed upon him with an expression of piteous reproach that pierced him to the quick—awakening thoughts which, for the moment, superseded the consideration of his own sufferings.

“What,” he exclaimed, “what is it I behold!—And have you reason, too, to regret our fatal intercourse?”

‘Her cheek began to flush—her lip to

quiver—her eyes to fill—he was answered by a flood of tears. He caught her to his bosom, and wept along with her.

“Leave me,” she at last faltered, gently disengaging herself from his reluctant but obedient arms; “leave me—return to the inn; I shall follow you thither as soon as I have sufficiently composed myself. Let us avoid each other's society to-day—we shall meet to-morrow—we shall part to-morrow.”

‘They met the next day. With downcast eyes, the lovely girl tremulously, yet calmly, acknowledged to him the state of her heart—“he had won it!—he was devoted to the altar—she would be devoted to heaven and to him—never, never would she have other husband, until she was wedded to her grave!” They met, they parted—she kept her word—she died a maid.’

The duke applauded the legend, and directed the young man to present it to the countess. She took it without the slightest acknowledgement, and handed it to one of the ladies who stood near her.

‘Hard treatment for the poor poet,’ remarked the Frenchman.

‘Yes; she treats him the worst of all. It is not pride, but absolute aversion with which she appears to regard him. His humble fortunes—for though he is distantly related to the duke, he is merely a dependant—seem to convert his merits to offences, as things he has no right to. Praise him to her, and you will learn to estimate the value of a gracious look.’

‘A most ungenerous and contradictory nature,’ exclaimed the Frenchman; ‘and yet how she sings! If she does not love already, I would swear she has the soul to love. I heard it in every note of her voice—nay, it was more like the eloquences of a present passion than any thing else. The Duke of Milan's son, if I mistake not, has only to press his suit, if he wishes to take home a bride with him. He is formed—’

‘Stop! They are going to dance!’ interrupted the courtier.

The dance began. The countess was the partner of the young prince. The movement was a slow one. The Frenchman watched the couple narrowly.

‘The duke of Milan's son will win her!’ whispered he to the courtier. ‘She is thinking more of him than of the dance. Look! she is the very picture of abstraction.’

And so she was. She moved through the figure mechanically, yet with a grace, of which the form of woman only, revealed in the proportions of the most exquisite symmetry, can give one a conception.

‘I can now understand what it is to look and to love,’ exclaimed the Frenchman. ‘I defy any man, with a disengaged heart, to behold and not to melt.’



'Yes,' said the courtier, take away that haughty brow, and you see the embodying of the poet's brightest dream of woman!

'The embodying!—yea, the embellishing!' rejoined the other. 'Description never presented to me the thousandth part of what I witness! Softly,' he added, in a tone of surprise, 'what can be the meaning of this?'

'Of what?' interrogated the courtier.

'Look around the room and see if nothing strikes you. Well?—Ha! you have it, by the direction of your eyes. They are fixed upon the poet—are they not? I'll tell you a secret, which, from the tender melancholy of his look and mein—a trait, 'tis true, of his vocation—I half divined before. The poor poet is in love—and the object of his passion is the haughty countess! I never saw adoration if I do not see it now. Her frowns—her spurnings are lost upon him.—He sees nothing but her charms!'

'What's that?' suddenly inquired the courtier, listening. 'I thought I heard thunder!' continued he.

'You did. The sunset was sultry and heavy; and if you recollect, I told you we should have a storm.'

'I do recollect it,' said the courtier.

But the poor poet did not hear the thunder. His every faculty seemed to be absorbed in his vision, which was riveted upon the gliding form before him. That form was in the act of passing him—was close to him, when, at one and the same moment, the saloon was filled with flame, and a tremendous crash, loud as the simultaneous discharge of a thousand pieces of artillery, shook the whole palace till it seemed to rock. The countess shrieked, and clung instinctively to the object nearest to her—'twas the poet! Doubtfully his arms encircled her, while every drop of his blood seemed to have mounted into his face! There was not an individual in the saloon who for several seconds, did not stand motionless. At last the voice of the duke recalled the self-possession of the company.

'Victoria!' he exclaimed emphatically.

The countess started—drew her fair figure up until it asserted every line of its stately stature, and glancing her eye from the poet's visage down to his feet, turned slowly from him and approached the seat of the duke.

'Is any one hurt?' inquired the latter.

'No,' was the reply; at the same moment the poet was stretched senseless on the ground.

'Tis the lightning!' exclaimed the duke, starting up.

'Yes, of the countess' eyes!' whispered the Frenchman to the courtier.

The poet was conveyed, still senseless, from the apartment—the storm calmed, and the company broke up.

'A strange thought has come into my head,' remarked the Frenchman to the courtier, as they left the saloon together.

'How is it with the poet?' inquired the Frenchman, as the courtier and he, the next morning, entered the breakfast room, in which the company had not yet assembled.

'Yonder he is, approaching the palace,' replied the other, pointing towards a window which reached to the floor and was open: 'it was only a swoon. You observe, he looks as if nothing had happened to him.'

'His figure is very noble,' remarked the Frenchman: 'I am surprised that I was not struck with it before! His mein gives you an impression of innate dignity—he is very handsome. Methinks he might steal a woman's heart almost against her will! Is he accomplished?'

'Richly!—a youth of shining parts and choice acquirements. You heard him read last night; but you ought to hear him speak. His eloquence is the very soul of persuasion! He vanquishes you almost with your own consent and approval—though it was not with a good grace that the young prince acknowledged his superiority, the other day, when they disputed in the presence of the countess.'

'I suppose not,' sarcastically remarked the Frenchman: 'the admiration of his mistress was too great a consideration to pay for being vanquished, however adroitly. And how did the lady take her suitor's defeat?'

'She never noticed it.'

'Twas the way least likely to increase his chagrin.'

'Doubtless for that end she adopted it,' said the courtier.

At that moment the countess entered the breakfast room, leaning upon the arm of the duke. A group of visitors, who were sojourning at the castle, followed them. The lady had scarcely taken her seat when the prince and the poet entered together from the lawn. The countess started, and her cheek for a moment was slightly flushed; but she speedily recovered her air of repelling coldness, and haughtily received the compliments of the former; while the latter, bowing at humble distance, respectfully took his seat at the further end of the table.

'You are right,' whispered the courtier to the Frenchman; 'the prince has indeed a chance. She colored as he approached her.'

'Time will tell,' replied the Frenchman.

Every one except the countess congratulated Lorenzo upon his being so well as to descend to breakfast. On this occasion the duke seemed to partake more of his niece's spirit than he was wont to do. There was a frigid distance in his manner of addressing the young man. He sat abstracted and even gloomy during the repast; and

rising as soon as breakfast was over, he signified to Lorenzo his wish that the poet should attend him to the closet.

'Lorenzo,' said the duke, as soon as he had seated himself, 'which of my niece's ladies could you fancy for a wife?'

'My liege!' ejaculated Lorenzo, gazing upon the duke with a countenance in which astonishment and incredulity were blended. The duke repeated his question.

'None of them, my lord,' replied Lorenzo. 'I shall never marry.'

'You shall marry to-night,' coolly rejoined the duke. 'Lorenzo,' continued he, 'I have reasons for wishing you to take a wife—reasons which justify me in forcing obedience to my wish. The daughter of the Chevalier de Barre, I know, admires you. Her father, with whom I had a conversation last night, approves of you—the match is agreeable to me. It is necessary for purposes of state, with the nature of which I may probably make you acquainted hereafter. Be acquiescent your only reply; I shall take no other—listen to no other. Give me that, and you shall bind me to the making of your fortune; refuse it, and thank yourself for the consequences. You are not a stranger to the extent of my power—you have witnessed what it is to feel the weight of my resentment. Beware that you do not experience it in your own person—reply not now.' The Duke guessed what Lorenzo was going to say—it was written on the young man's face.—'Reply not now; but, mark me. I shall give orders for the nuptials to take place at nine to-night; for a quarter of an hour I shall wait in my library the result of your deliberations; at the expiration of that time, your presence or your absence be your answer.'

The duke strode from the closet, leaving Lorenzo motionless, speechless, and lost, in the center of it. It was several minutes before the astounded poet recovered himself.

'Marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barre!' he exclaimed aloud. 'Never!' he added, turning to leave the apartment: the countess was standing at the door. What a moment to encounter the haughty glance and stately carriage of the scornful lady! 'Twas true the poet loved her;—for many a year had he cherished his passion in secret; against the hope—against the probability of its being blessed—not always though. She had been kind to him when she had been courteous to all; but once being accidentally alone with him—when his o'er fraught heart was throbbing full and quick—bursting as it were for vent—in an unguarded moment—without premeditation—almost without being conscious of what he did, he had snatched her to his breast, and profaned with a kiss the lips, which, until then, had been strangers to salutation so forward and so warm. Meeting

with no resistance, the idea flashed across his mind, that he did not love alone or unrepaid. He drew back to gaze upon, and read the lovely face which had just been so close to his own, and declare his passion.—That face was white with terror—he felt that the frame which his arms encircled was trembling; in a moment he was at her feet. ‘Pardon me,’ he exclaimed; when a sudden change in the expression of her countenance paralyzed him, and prevented him from proceeding. Terror was displaced by disdain—the withering spirit of pride and scorn was seated on her brow, and never after, when the poet dared to lift his eye to that unrivaled throne, did he behold it filled by other occupant.

The countess slowly advanced into the apartment, her eye fixed coldly yet piercingly upon Lorenzo who, bowing as he passed her, proceeded towards the door.

‘Stop signor,’ haughtily commanded the lady—Lorenzo turned. ‘Heard I you rightly?’ she continued. ‘Said you just now that you would never marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barre?’

‘Yes.’

‘Yes!’ echoed the countess; ‘and pray, signor, when was your union with that lady first contemplated?’

‘This very hour—almost this very minute!’ was his reply.

‘And by whom?’ interrogated the lady.

‘By the duke.’

‘By the duke?’ re-echoed the countess, drawing her fair figure up till it towered again. ‘The daughter of the Chevalier de Barre is mightily the debtor of the duke.’

A chair stood near her—that which the duke had just quitted. She took it, and sat, inclining slightly backwards; her fair arms covered, yet not hidden, but revealed, by sleeves of the finest gauze—infolding one another; her eyes fixed upon vacancy; her countenance overcast with thought; save that now and then it was lighted up with a flash of scorn that shot across it like voiceless lightning playing in a sky of silvery twilight.

‘And so you would decline the honor of such an alliance!’ remarked she, at last, contemptuously.

‘I have done so.’

‘And the duke—’ she stopped short.

‘Persists,’ said the poet; ‘and has appointed to-night for our nuptials.’

‘He is in haste to do you honor,’ said the lady, and paused again. ‘Be you in haste,’ she resumed; ‘make up your mind to abide by wiser counsels; you must—you will; The lady is fair—accomplished—a mate for higher state and fortune. Be wise and marry her.’

‘Never!’ emphatically ejaculated Lorenzo.—The countess smiled ineffable contempt.

The poet gazed upon her. The contrast between the glow of his heart and the coldness of hers was too much for him. It unmanned him—the tears started into his eyes, and at length began to trickle down his cheeks—he stood silent. The countess raised her eyes to his face, and dropped them again, as if for the first time a touch of compassion had moved her. At this moment an attendant entered and presented a letter to Lorenzo.

‘Withdraw,’ said the countess ‘till he reads it.’

Lorenzo read the letter. The duke’s escritoire stood upon the table—without pausing a moment, he sat down, wrote the answer and rose to summon the attendant.

‘Stop,’ said the countess; ‘show me the duke’s letter.’ Lorenzo obeyed. She read it. Therein the duke repeated his wishes, demanded instant compliance with them, and, in case of disobedience, threatened the offender with the loss of liberty. The countess re-folded the letter, returned it, and went out of the apartment.

‘I knew it,’ she cried, on entering the closet again, after the lapse of a minute; ‘there are those without who are ready and able to put my uncle’s threat into execution. Your answer, signor,’ added she.

Lorenzo handed it to the countess—one word was all that it contained—‘Never’—yet seemed it as if the countess could not interpret the poet’s reply. She looked alternately at the letter, and at him that had written it.

‘You are much too bold,’ she at length exclaimed, resuming her seat.

‘I am!—I am!’ responded Lorenzo, throwing himself before her on his knee. The countess made an effort, as if she was about to rise, but he was desperate. He caught her by the hand and forcibly detained her—declared his passion—detailed his struggles with it—his hopelessness of overcoming it—his readiness to encounter imprisonment, slavery, death! rather than to do violence to it, by espousing another—acknowledged his utter unworthiness of meeting a return although if love alone were coin that ought to purchase love, man could not pay down the sum for hers that he could! Yet her compassion he might presume to challenge! surely it was hard that she should deny it where most ’twas needed. Vehemently he pleaded for that—his eye—his cheek lit up with the passion which prompted him—his voice thrilling with it—his tears avouching all he uttered. He concluded, still retaining his humble posture. The countess’s eyes, which at the commencement of his address had sternly encountered his, were now cast down. The hand which, at first struggled to release itself from his grasp, now lay unresistingly within it. It seemed as if the spirit of sweet truth had returned to its proper hiding-place—the soft

and heaving bosom whence it had been so long excluded! A tear—a tear, the poet thought, stood trembling on the verge of the rich lid that veiled her eye, and was upon the point of falling! Could he believe it!—Yes. It trickled down her cheek!

‘You pity me!’ he cried. ‘You pity me!—I ask no other boon!—I make no merit of forbearance!—I know ’twere vain to look for any other! Welcome then the dungeons of the chateau!—welcome the bench of the galley! To the one or the other I know the duke can doom me. No matter to which! Either will be less revolting than the proudest nuptial bed that Italy could present me with, unpressed by the partner with whom, alone, my soul would suffer me to share one!’

The answer to the duke’s letter had fallen from the countess’s hand. He picked it up, rose from his knee, and approached the door.

‘Signor,’ said the countess.

He stopped and turned round—again his stern mistress stood before him. Not a vestige of her late relenting could he trace—save that it seemed as if scorn could not at once usurp the seat which pity had so recently occupied. She bent her regards direct upon him, with an expression as if some fixed purpose she had formed, and was upon the point of executing.

‘Give me a proof that you love me,’ said the lady.

‘Name it!’ said the poet.

‘Swear,’ said the countess, ‘by that love, that you will perform what I am about to ask.’

‘I swear it!’ said Lorenzo, sinking upon his knee, and stretching his hand appealingly towards heaven.

‘Write to the duke that you consent to marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barre,’ said the countess.

Conceive how the poet looked, as he dropped the witness-invoking hand, and stared in astonishment and stupor upon the collected countenance of her who had doomed him! It was too much for the inexorable lady herself to encounter; she dropped her eyes, and in silence awaited his answer. He uttered none—save what might be construed from a sigh—deep—long drawn—and convulsive. Slowly he arose—approached the escritoire—wrote the consent—and left the room, half closing the door after him. Scarcely had he proceeded a pace or two, when he thought he heard a sob. He stopped, turned, and without knowing wherefore re-entered the apartment, but only in time to catch a glimpse of the fair figure of the countess vanishing through a portal that opened into another room. He looked for the paper upon which he had just been writing. It lay no longer on the escritoire.

‘She has made all sure!’ exclaimed the poet to himself, retracing his steps.



Descending the staircase, on the first landing he encountered the attendant who had brought the duke's letter. He was in company with several of his fellows, and informed the poet that it was their instructions to conduct him forthwith to their master. Lorenzo accompanied them to the library, where it was the duke's custom to pass the first two hours of the forenoon. He was now there—Lorenzo's consent was in his hand. The countess had lost no time: 'Hate does its work as quick as love!' thought the poet to himself.

'Tis well,' said the duke, 'your nuptials then take place to night. Prepare for them. I know your sense of honour,' continued he courteously, 'and I implicitly confide in it. You are at liberty. Nor foot nor eye shall track your movements. Remember at nine to night! You care for your word!'

'More than I do for my life!' emphatically and pointedly rejoined the poet, and retired.

The poet was admired by the daughter of the Chevalier de Barre—but he was beloved by another. A sequestered, natural alcove, in a remote and unfrequented part of the domain, was the spot whither it was the custom of the smitten fair one to resort and give vent to the passion which consumed her. Thither she retired that day.

Upon a rude couch, which a hillock presented, lay stretched that day the form of a maid, beauteous as eye ever feasted on!—formed for all the joys of love, yet writhing with all its pangs. Her tears had been flowing till they could flow no longer. Even the sob that succeeds the ecstasy of suffering was subsiding. Her hair which had burst from its braids, lay scattered and streaming in luxuriant length around her. Her eyes were closed, as if it were torture to admit the light of day, where that of peace and hope and consolation was prohibited. Her lips stood slightly apart. One arm half-hanging—half-resting on the ground—seemed to reproach the destiny which had denied to it, and bestowed upon another, the only lord to whom its fair caress would have been yielded. The rest of her person lay listlessly along—the mold of its finely turned extremities but negligently guarded—completing a living model of tenderness, exhaustion and despair, beyond the cunning of the pencil or the chissel to improve upon or imitate.

The maid started—she heard a footstep. She was on the point of plunging into the thicket to conceal herself but it was too late.

'I have found you!' exclaimed a soft, sweet voice, and Victoria—not the countess, but her namesake, the daughter of the Chevalier de Barre—entered the alcove. 'I am come to consult you about my wedding dress. Brides should be fine, you know, and I always prefer your taste to my own—Why,

what in the name of wonder is the matter?' continued she, checking the voluble strain in which she was running on, upon observing that the other stood with her back towards her, without appearing to notice what she said. 'Nay, but I *will* know!' cried the frank, kind girl, and catching her by the waist, bent round, and looked up in her face. 'Mercy!' she exclaimed, 'you have been weeping?'

'Leave me,' implored the other; 'alas! that you, of all the palace, should have found me here, and thus.'

'And wherefore not!' ejaculated Victoria with surprise, 'who so fit? Who loves you as well as I do? Who would do as much to save you from suffering—to soothe you—to make you happy?'

'Happy echoed the other, laughing hysterically, 'I shall never be happy; no one can ever make me happy—and you least of all! Forgive me,' continued she; 'I know that you love me—I know that you would do aught you could to serve me, but it is beyond your power. Leave me, Victoria; what you have witnessed, I know you will never disclose. Leave me; I am very, very miserable.'

'I will not leave you,' said Victoria, calmly; 'you have a secret trouble, and I will never quit you till you tell me what it is.'

'Why should I damp your happiness?' replied the forlorn one. 'No! you shall wear nothing but smiles upon your wedding day. Why should it be otherwise with the bride of the noblest man in Italy?'

'The noblest man in Italy!' reiterated the friend.

'In worth, I mean—genius—soul—honour—not to speak of feature and person; and even in those it would not be an easy thing to find his match in Italy.'

Victoria stared upon her friend. Both for a time were silent.

'I know your secret!' at length exclaimed the former.

'You know my secret?'

'Yes; you told it me a month ago with your own lips.'

'On what occasion?' inquired the alarmed and astonished maid.

'When we slept together, after the ball.'

'I told it to you with my own lips?'

'Yes; when you were unconscious of what you did. 'Twas in your sleep. I heard a sobbing, which awakened me; it came from you. Your cheek lay close to mine; I found that it was drenched with tears. Your lips were murmuring something—breathless, I listened, and heard the name—'

'Stop!' interrupted the other, with a face and neck of crimson, 'breathe it not to the air! You are wrong—you are right! No matter; you will be a bride to-night, to-night you will be married to the man you love.'

'I never loved,' replied the fair Victoria; 'I love not him you speak of. I admire him—I like him, and feel no scruple in complying with the duke's wishes; but never did I think of him as a lover, until he was named to me as such; and now, methinks, I should feel happier were he about to become *your* husband. It would be the saving of many a tear to the eyes of my friend; for what I only surmised before, I am convinced of now. Come, there is no use in withholding the avowal of it; confess you love Lorenzo.'

'Generous girl!' replied the mourner; 'and so not even to myself would you till now, reveal what my unconscious lips betrayed to you? Do you want a confirmation of the truth of what you suspected? Then take it—behold it! Would you know your friend? Need she tell you what has changed her? Would you ask her, were she the bride of Lorenzo, if she would love her lord?'

'Hush! I hear footsteps,' whispered Victoria. Both listened in breathless suspense. 'They stop—the person has turned; I'll follow, and direct those feet, whosoever they are, into a different track. Compose yourself as quickly as you can. Hie to your chamber; thither I will repair in half an hour from this; there we can discourse without the dread of interruption.' Away flew the maid; ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the mourner followed her.

[Concluded in our next.]

## MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

### Genius.

#### NO. I.

GENIUS is a precious boon, bestowed only on a favored few. Those who are blessed with this invaluable treasure are blessed indeed. They may leave behind them mementoes of their greatness that will survive the dilapidations of nature—the 'wreck of matter,'—and cause their names to be engraved on the cenotaph of Time so deep that his own 'effacing fingers' can scarcely erase them. To be convinced of this we need only take one glance at the past, to cast our mental eye through the misty aisles of departed years into the startling vaults of nature, and there behold the ruins of nations that once existed in all their pomp and glory, but of which now their names only survive in the legends of other times or in the song of their deathless bards. Where are those consecrated cities of ancient Greece and Rome, and other oriental nations? where are Athens and Sparta, Thebes and Palmyra, with their splendid domes and lofty palaces? all are trampled in the dust by the foot of time, but the monuments of transcendent greatness, reared by their sons of genius, unscathed by the win-

try blast of ages, still stand in all their primitive splendor, proclaiming to all, that the works of genius will last coequal with time itself.

Every thing in the physical world may fade and disappear; the loveliest plants that blossom on nature's green parterre, may bloom for a while—then wither and die away; but there are plants in the intellectual world—in the garden of the mind—flowers of real talent, that will never fade, till the light of mental glory is extinguished, and the sun of science forever set. The cold hand of envy may grasp them, the deadly winds from the African desert of malice, may sweep by them, and the frosts of a thousand years may rest upon their tender petals, still they will bloom on amid the fragments of fallen kingdoms and demolished empires, increasing in loveliness and gathering sweetness as century after century rolls by on the car of time, till the whole enlightened world becomes redolent with their perfume and every admirer of true excellence is enamored of their charms.

There are feelings truly sacred and holy—feelings of pious reverence, associated with genius. I look upon him who is favored with this Heaven-proffered gift, as something too pure to inhale the noxious vapors of this nether sphere—as a connecting link in the great chain of nature between the blinded worshippers of mammon and devotees of sensual delight, and those vestal beings who feast on intellectual joys in climes above.

But the main object of this dissertation is the discussion of the innateness of genius. That the individual in whose mind this plant exists, may, and often does in a great measure nourish and invigorate its growth, every one must allow, but that he sowed the seed I very much doubt. To say that genius is not an inherent faculty, is denying the universally admitted fact, the almost intuitive principle of belief, that mankind are endowed with different degrees of natural talent. The very signification of the term genius is, according to the best English lexicographers, *endowment by nature*; then why should any one doubt its being innate? But let us examine the cardinal objection against considering it as such.

It is argued that persons of superior talent do not sometimes manifest it until they have advanced far in years. This is granted, but does it not prove that those individuals did not possess natural abilities. Seeds of some particular kind, will remain, deeply buried in the earth, for ten, fifty, or even a hundred years, and then, being brought sufficiently near the surface, will spring up in all the luxuriance of those newly sown. So genius, by some fatality, is not unfrequently doomed to lie dormant and inactive in some minds

for a great length of time, till, by some fortuitous circumstance, it is placed in a fructifying condition.

Dr. Johnson, speaking on this subject, says that 'those faculties which have a claim to the veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the most part, like subterranean treasures, over which the foot passes as on common ground till necessity breaks open the golden cavern.'

Genius then is sometimes brought into action spontaneously, and sometimes by a voluntary effort; its fires cannot be quenched in some, in others they can scarcely be made to burn; in other words, in some they kindle themselves, in others the match must be applied. But what is most to be regretted is that sometimes these fires are never kindled. Says the celebrated Locke, 'many a good poetic genius is buried under a trade, and never produces any thing for want of improvement.' The same may be said of a genius for music, painting, oratory or mathematics, and to a multitude of other causes may its non-development be attributed.

He who doubts that genius is innate, let him read the early life of the philosopher, Ferguson, and see at what an immature age he was smitten with a love of that noble science. Let him peruse the immortal productions of the youthful votaries of song, written some of them at so early a period that they were obliged, as Pope said of himself, 'to lisp in numbers.' Let him survey that bright gem in the casket of American poetry, wrought by Lucretia Davidson—while yet a mere child—entitled an *Address to a Star*—which, by the way, was an emblem of her own pure soul, too pure and delicate to dwell in these uncongenial climes, so she fled to a better land, where she might tune her youthful voice responsive to the strains of spirits kindred to her own, the angelic choir—let him, I say, do this, and then ask himself if those minds were not, from their very birth, the habitations of genius? I might also refer him to a Landon and a Hemans, a Chatterton and a Cowley, all of whom, with hundreds of others that might be mentioned, had their poetic powers developed at a very early age.

Observe the young genius, mark the workings of this spirit-moving attribute in his warm heart. Ere he has scarcely left the cradle of infancy, long before he is on the vestibule of manhood, before even he can plainly speak his mother tongue, or 'build' from it 'the lofty rhyme,' we perceive his precocious mind is burning with some latent spark of genius; and we look forward in joyous anticipation to the time when it will burst forth, like a volcanic eruption, a flood of immortal verse. See him while his companions around are enjoying their gay pastimes, sitting speechless, in some lone corner, in-

dulging in the sweet reveries of fancy—feasting, perchance, on the anticipated joys of future greatness. He loves to rove

'Thro' tangled meads and wood-embosomed glens,'

where in his lonely musings, he holds converse with departed heroes and sages, or roams through antiquated climes, and standing on the moldering fragments of some once mighty city, contemplates the fall of human grandeur, the overthrow of earthly magnificence. At the still hour when midnight veils the earth in her sombre shroud; when the stars 'the poetry of heaven,' peer out from their tinsel decked chambers in the sky,

And the moon comes forth in her silvery sheen,  
And looks on the earth with an eye serene—

then see him, gazing, entranced, on the bright vault above, while his thoughts, poetic, warm and unrestrained, are far away in some spirit land, peopled with beings pure and lovely—the ideal creatures of his prolific brain. Thus are often manifested the incipient workings of genius.—To deny the innateness of this power is folly.

Dracut, Ms.

J. C.

#### Rise and Fall of Families.

EVERY young man should start in life determined to act upon the motto, *Nil desperandum*, or *don't give up the ship*. Let him on commencing life, look around him, and see who are courted and respected in society and ask from whence they sprang.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will find them to be those who at his age, possessed as little of the world's gear, as little of aid extraneous as he himself possesses; men who commenced the world with nothing, and whose advancement in life solely depended upon their own husbandry, frugality, integrity and strict attention to business.

Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be born poor, or not to have capital enough to establish at once in good business. This is a very mistaken notion, for, so far from poverty being a misfortune to him, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; for life chance is more than ten to one in favor of such a young man, over one who starts with plenty of money.

In this country, the wheel of fortune is constantly turning, and he who is at zenith this year, may be at nadir next, and excite no surprise. It is seldom that the third or even the fourth generation enjoys property or station in society which was won by the industry of the first. This constant change is the natural result of causes in continual operation.

The first generation starts in life poor, but industrious and honest; he resolves to



acquire property, and at the same time sustain a character that shall command respect. By dint of long perseverance in business, and the attainment of a high character for integrity and fair dealing, he succeeds, (such a man never fails,) and becomes wealthy.

His sons succeed him, perhaps maintain the character of their father, and add to the wealth he left them—they were educated to business, and know how the property they enjoy was acquired. But their sons grow up, and from infancy find themselves in the lap of luxury and rocked in the cradle of ease; their minds are never turned on business—that is beneath them—they are engrossed in important nothings; scorn labor; run the rounds of folly, marry lightheaded and fashionable ladies, who have as sovereign a contempt for laborers, and the useful things of this life as themselves; dash away a few years in their carriages; lose their parents; divide the property; attempt to carry on business; are incapable of managing it; fail—struggle to keep up appearances and their places in fashionable life—are obliged to retire—wretched and miserable at home—and get through the world as they can, carrying always the appearance of shabby gentlemen, and being looked at askance by their former companions. Their children are even more miserable than themselves; being brought up with the idea that labor is degrading; and that they are a superior order, while necessity compels them to resort to some means of getting a living; pride and poverty are at war with them, and they drudge out a miserable and precarious life.—*American Magazine.*

### A Talking Chip.

In erecting a chapel at Ratanonga, one of the South Sea Islands, a circumstance occurred which will give a striking idea of the feelings of an untaught and uncivilized people, when observing for the first time the effects of written communications. Mr. Williams, the first missionary who had visited the island, was the master workman in the building, and had come to his work one morning without his square. Taking a chip with a piece of charcoal he wrote upon it a request that his wife should send him the article. He called a chief near by, and said—'Friend, take this to my house, and give it to Mrs. Williams.' The native was remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but in some battle he had lost an eye; and giving the missionary an inexpressible look with the other, he said, 'Take that! she will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her.' 'No,' said Mr. Williams, 'she will not, take it and go at once, I am in haste.' Perceiving the master workman to be in earnest, the chief took it and inquired what

he should say. He answered—'You have nothing to say, the chip will say all I wish.'—With astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood and said—'How can this speak? Has this a mouth?' He was desired to spend no more time in doubting, but to try the experiment.

On arriving at the house, he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it and threw it down, and proceeded to get the square. On receiving it the chief said, 'Stay daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?' 'Why,' said she, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?' 'Yes,' said the astonished warrior, 'but I did not hear it say any thing.' 'If you did not I did,' was the reply, 'for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quick as possible.' With this the chief leaped out of the house; and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement, with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms could reach and shouting as he went—'See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk, they can make chips talk!' The circumstance continued to be a matter of so much mystery, that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck and wore it for many days.

If parents would not trust a child upon the back of a wild horse without bit or bridle, let them not permit him to go forth into the world unskilled in self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him, by a gentle and a patient means, to curb his temper.—If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it, by encouraging frank good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins. Let them feel that they can overcome temptation. Let them acquire from experience that confidence in themselves which gives security to the practiced horseman, even on the back of a high-strung steed, and they will triumph over the difficulties and dangers which beset them in the path of life.

### Be Happy.

YET not in studies above their years, or in irksome tasks should children be employed. The joyous freshness of their young natures should be preserved, while they learn the duties that fit them for this life and the next. Wipe away their tears. Remember how hurtful are heavy rains to the tender blossom just opening on the day.—Cherish their smiles.

Let them learn to draw happiness from all surrounding objects; since there may be some mixture of happiness in every thing but sin. It was once said of a beautiful woman that from her childhood she had ever spoke smiling, as if the heart poured joy upon the lips, and they turned it into beauty.

May I be forgiven for so repeatedly pressing mothers, to wear lineaments of cheerfulness? 'To be good, and disagreeable, is high treason against the royalty of virtue,' said a correct moralist. How much is it to be deprecated, when piety, the only fountain of true happiness, fails of making that joy visible to every eye! If happiness is melody of soul, the concord of our feelings with the circumstances of our lot, the harmony of our whole being with the will of our Creator, how desirable that this melody should produce the response of sweet tones, and a smiling countenance, that even slight observers may be won by the charm of its external symbols!—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

'Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-wise?' said a gentleman carving. 'No,' said his friend, cut it bridewise, for then we may all chance to get a bit in our mouths.'

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

B. B. Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. Lee, Ms. \$1.00; T. C. Mount Hope, N. Y. \$1.00; E. D. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; G. E. P. Ann Arbor, Mich. \$8.00; G. G. Manches, N. Y. \$1.00; P. W. Spraker's Basin, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Somerville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. F. Gouverneur, N. Y. \$1.00; E. D. T. Shelburne Falls, Ms. \$1.00; C. N. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. R. & W. W. B. Mount Vernon, O. 2.00; O. W. Oswego, N. Y. \$1.00; C. J. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; S. J. & D. D. Lyander, N. Y. \$2.00; P. F. H. Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Benningham, Mich. \$5.00; J. W. Waterford, N. Y. \$1.00; D. L. P. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00.

### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. J. Trippet, Mr. Edward Carpenter to Miss Deborah Lisk, all of this city.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. I. Pardee, Mr. George H. Power, of the firm of Power and Coffin, to Miss Adeline E. eldest daughter of Capt. Peter G. Coffin, all of this city.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Gibbs, Mr. John Mellen to Miss Cornelia Thorp all of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ackley, Capt. John T. Haviland of Athens, to Miss Caroline White of this city.

At Claverack, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. John H. Shufelt, of Ghent, to Miss Eliza Crasper, of Claverack.

At Spencertown, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. J. Osborn, W. P. Clark, Esq. to Miss Marinda, daughter of Mr. T. Niles.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Converse, Major Abraham Van Buren, (eldest son of the President of the United States,) to Miss Sarah Angelica Singleton, youngest daughter of Mr. Richard Singleton, at her father's residence, in Sumpter District, South Carolina.

In Moreton, on the 10th ult. by E. Belue, Mr. Leonard Elder of Burlington, to Miss Caroline Stiles of Moreton, Vt.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 1st inst. Mr. Mortimer H. Bullock, in his 22d year.

On the 24th ult. Mary B. youngest child of Oscar and Mary A. Dornin, aged 1 year, 9 months and 7 days.

In some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows,

If chance a violet rear its purple head,

The careful gardener moves it ere it blows,

To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed;

Such was thy fate dear child, thy opening such!

Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown

For earth too good perhaps, and loved too much—

Heaven saw and early marked thee for its own.

On the 26th ult. Ann Maria Vosburgh, in her 30th year. In Kinderhook, at the residence of his son-in-law, the Hon. J. Wilcoxson, on the 23d ult. Mr. John L. Hoos, aged 73 years.



## SELECT POETRY.

From the Baptist Register.

## New-Year.

BY THE RURAL BARD.

THERE comes a moan, a fearful, death-like wail,  
Borne gently past upon the wintry gale,  
Of cadence solemn, melancholy, drear—  
The mournful requiem of the dying year.  
Sad dirge! how plaintively its numbers thrill,  
As, deeply sighing, on the ear they steal,  
Telling of Time's swift flight—that onward roll,  
With rapid speed, the seasons to their goal,  
And that a few more fleeting days, and we  
Shall pass from Time into Eternity.  
The moments, ah! how swift they glide along!  
Another year's already past and gone,  
Since nature's harp, to mournful numbers strung,  
Of a departed year the funeral anthem sung.  
And oh! how many—cherished ones of earth—  
Have since been ushered to the halls of Death!  
The blooming youth, and man of middle age;  
The matron and the hoary-headed sage;  
Some ripe with years, and some in vernal bloom,  
Have gone to slumber in the silent tomb!  
Revolving seasons, as they roll around,  
Waft thousands yearly to life's narrow bound!  
All, all, are hastening to the tomb apace;  
Short and uncertain is our earthly race.  
The ruddy nymph and youth with vigor strong,  
That sport to-day in pleasure's jocund throng,  
To-morrow may with sickness low be laid,  
Or in the grave lie numbered with the dead.  
The 'insatiate Archer,' Death, with certain aim,  
Both old and young doth for his victim claim,  
Nor youth nor vigor, strength nor health, the heart  
Can ever shield from his unerring dart.  
Then let us to this warning dread attend,  
And as the knell of each departed friend,  
And the sad moanings of each passing year,  
With doleful accent strikes upon the ear,  
The awful admonition let us heed,  
And for our exit ever be prepared;  
That when a few more rolling years are past,  
And the deep knell of Time is heard at last—  
Our perils here on life's dark ocean o'er,  
And landed safe on heavenly Canaan's shore,  
Where flowers of purest bliss perennial bloom,  
And those fair climes with odors sweet perfume,  
There, we may dwell, wrapt in seraphic ecstasy,  
Through never ending ages of Eternity.

THE VIOLET FOR 1839, edited by Miss Leslie. This annual, intended for a younger class of readers than the Gift, has just been published by Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia. The embellishments are all pretty, and well chosen. The reading matter is sprightly, and is furnished by Miss Leslie, Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. S. J. Hale, and other contributors, mostly ladies. Here is one of the poems, which is well versified.—*Eve. Post.*

## The Grave of Franklin.\*

No chiseled urn is reared to thee,  
No sculptured scroll enrolls its page,  
To tell the children of the free  
Where rests the patriot and the sage.  
Far in the city of the dead,  
A corner holds thy sacred clay;

\*Franklin lies interred in the northwest corner of Christ Church Cemetery—Fifth and Arch street,—Philadelphia.

And pilgrim feet, by reverence led,  
Have worn a path that marks the way.

There, round thy lone and simple grave,  
Encroaching on its marble gray,  
Wild plantain weeds and tall grass wave,  
And sun beams pour their shadeless ray.

Level with earth thy lettered stone—  
And hidden oft by winter's snow—  
Its modest record tells alone  
Whose dust it is that sleeps below.

That name's enough—that honored name  
No aid from eulogy requires—  
'Tis blended with thy country's fame;  
And flashes round her lightning spires.  
C. H. W.

## Farewell to a Rural Residence.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

How beautiful it stands,  
Behind its elm tree's screen,  
With pure and Attic cornice crowned,  
All graceful and serene,  
Most sweet, but sad, it is,  
Upon yon scene to gaze,  
And list its unborn melody,  
The voice of other days.

For there, as many a year  
Its varied chart unrolled,  
I hid me in those quiet shades,  
And called the joys of old.  
I called them, and they came,\*  
Where vernal buds appeared,  
Or where the vine clad summer bower  
Its temple roof upreared.

Or where o'er arching grove  
Spread for its copses green,  
While eye-bright, and asclepias reared  
Their untrained stalks between—  
And the squirrel from the bough  
Its broken nuts let fall,  
And the merry, merry, little birds  
Sang at its festival.

Yon old forsaken nests,  
Returning spring shall cheer,  
And thence the unfledged robin send  
His greeting wild and clear—  
And from yon clustering vine,  
That wreathes the casement round,  
The humming bird's unresting wing,  
Send forth a whirring sound—

And where, alternate springs  
The lilac's purple spire,  
Fast by its snowy sister's side,  
Or where, with wings of fire,  
The kingly oriole glancing went  
Amid the foliage rare,  
Still many a group of children tread—  
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms  
The mastery here shall keep;  
What mother in my nursery fair  
Rock her young babes to sleep;—  
Yet blessings on the hallowed spot,  
Though here no more I stray,  
And blessings on those stranger babes  
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you too, my plants,  
And every parent bird,  
That here among the nested boughs,  
Above its young hath stirred,—  
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,  
That often o'er my head

The blossoms of your flowery spring  
In flagrant showers have shed.

Thou too of changeable mood,  
I thank thee, sounding stream,  
That blent thine echo with my thought,  
Or woke my musing dream—  
I kneel upon the verdant turf,  
For sure my thanks are due,  
To moss cup and to clover leaf,  
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,  
Old tenants of the spot,  
The broad leaved lily of the vale,  
And the meek forget-me-not—  
To every daisy's dappled brow,  
To every violet blue.  
Thanks! thanks! may each returning year  
Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father God—  
High praise in solemn lay—  
Alike for what his hand hath given,  
And what it takes away—  
And to some other loving heart  
May all this beauty be  
The dear retreat, the Eden-home,  
It long hath been to me.

Hartford, Conn. June 21, 1838.

## Once 'Twas My Hope.

BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

ONCE 'twas my hope upon this spot  
A tender flower to raise;  
I thought its bloom would be my pride  
Through many summer days;  
But ere the sunbeam's smile had lured  
Its perfect fragrance forth,  
Its soft leaves severed from the stem,  
Lay trampled on the earth!

I sorrowed all the winter time,  
And bitter tears I shed;  
When Spring returned it found me still  
A mourner o'er the dead;  
But soon I saw the plant arise,  
And spurn its earthly tomb,  
More beautiful then when I nursed  
Its infancy of bloom!

That lesson in my memory  
I'll treasure up with care,  
I will not sorrow for the dead,  
With impious mad despair;  
I know hereafter they'll shake off  
This perishable earth,  
And boast an immortality  
Of beauty and of worth!

## Almanacks for 1839.

Stoddard's Diary or Columbia Almanack, by the thousand, gross, dozen or single; also, Comic, and David Crockett's Almanacks, by the dozen or single, for sale at STODDARD'S Bookstore.

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